

THE
PERPLEXED LOVERS;

OR, THE

DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A

MUSICAL PIECE, OF TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

SALISBURY THEATRE.

THE MUSIC SELECTED BY MR. GAUDRY.



SALISBURY:

PRINTED FOR J. HODSON, NEAR THE POULTRY-CROSS.

M DCC LXXVI.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

PRINTED AND COVERED

1855

DOUBLE MARRIAGE

THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE



THE HISTORY OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

[THE HISTORY OF THE]

TO THE
INHABITANTS
OF THE
CITY, CLOSE, AND NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF
SALISBURY,
THE
FOLLOWING PAGES,
WRITTEN FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT,
ARE MOST HUMBLY
DEDICATED,
BY
THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANTS,
THE AUTHORS.

THE

IN HALL

OF THE

CITY OF NEW YORK

AT

AND NEW YORK

THE

WILLIAM W. LADD



WRITTEN FOR

AND NEW YORK

D. H. D. C. A. F. D. H.

THEIR OFFICE

THE OFFICE

TEA - TABLE DIALOGUE,

By Way of PROLOGUE.

Scene draws, and discovers at Tea, Mr. and Mrs. SOLID, Mr. JESSAMY, and Miss BARBARA TATTLE.—A Servant waiting.

Mrs. Solid. BETTY, remove these tea-things from the table,
Take out the kettle, and bring in the Play-Bill.—
[Exit Betty.]

A Play-Bill, Ma'am, is quite a feast to me
Who so adore the Stage; I'm charm'd to see
That looking-glass of life, where Vice is shewn,
And Virtue too, in colours of their own.

Mr. Solid. Unnumber'd sweets, my dear, the Stage displays,
And charms our senses by a thousand ways.
There we behold, by Nature's pencil drawn,
Ambition, rage, love, jealousy, and scorn,
And all the passions which mankind employ,
From sense to madness, and from grief to joy:
And as we trace the progress of each part,
While mirth delights—or pity melts the heart,
Pleas'd we attend to each succeeding scene,
And useful knowledge from the whole we glean.

Miss Bab. True, Mr. SOLID—we must all agree,
That those who labour, like th' industrious bee,
To cull the sweets from ev'ry blooming flow'r,
Are much improv'd by each dramatic hour;
But who can bear through five long Acts to stay,
And all the time mind nothing but the Play?
I can't endure so tedious an employment,
While friendly *chit-chat* gives such great enjoyment.

Mr. Jessamy. 'Pon honour, Ma'am, you argue vastly well—
The joys of Theatres, we all can tell,
Are center'd *there*.—What! thro' the long, dull night
In *Sentimentals* only to delight?
Fye! Mr. SOLID—have you no more taste
Than in such dry pursuits your time to waste?

Mr. Solid. If *social chat* be all that we obtain,
'Twere better far that we at home remain;
Where, from all noise and interruption free,
Each may enjoy his friends in harmony.

Mr. Jessamy. But you mistake me, Sir—the true *Bon Ton*
Is quite another sort of fashion grown,

Since

Since that Barbarian age, when serious airs
 Led folks to Theatres to say their pray'rs.
 Men of true taste—as I, for instance, may—
 When'er their fancies lead them to a Play,
 Have much politer scenes to pass their time in,
 Than dull attention to the Actors' rhyming;
 Yes, Sir—those *antique* notions we despise,
 And to more noble *modern* themes we rise;
 The Ladies, Sir—those VENUSES on earth,
 Who give to ev'ry fond idea birth,
 Our thoughts employ. To them alone we owe
 Each rapt'rous moment which our bosoms know;
 'Tis theirs each soft emotion to create,
 And to their will our lives we dedicate.

Miss Bab. Most excellently said, indeed!

Mr. Jessamy.

Nay, more—

[Enter Betty.]

Betty.

The Play-Bill, Ma'am.

[Exit.

Mrs. Solid.

I'll just peruse it o'er,
 With my friends' leave.—*On We'n'sday night will be,*
For GAUDRY's Benefit, a Comedy,
To which (for that one night) will be annex'd
A New Dramatic Piece, call'd Love Perplex'd;
Describing ev'ry trouble and miscarriage
Which Lovers know,—and ending with a Marriage.
 What can this be?

Miss Bab.

Oh! I know all about it;
 And I would venture to declare who wrote it,
 If you'll be secret.

Mr. Jessamy.

Why, my dear Miss BAB,
 We've all got something else to do, than blab
 Where secrecy's requir'd.

Miss Bab.

Then I will tell
 Minutely how the circumstance befel,
 Two young Projectors, in the City fam'd,
 Whose ardent spirits riot yet untam'd,
 Flush'd with a former share of public praise,
 Again stand forth the candidates for bays.
 As for my part, I think th' attempt too bold;
 For, if the story rightly has been told,
 This whole production's not a fortnight old:
 A sudden whim—just taken in their head,
 Because a certain Music-Monger said,

That

That with a few soft airs, and sonnets pretty,
 He wish'd to entertain the Close and City.—
 Dear me!—I must be there—I recollect
 I told Miss BIDDY THRUM, she might expect
 To see me in the Boxes.

Mr. Jessamy. Stay, good Ma'am—
 I in the self-same situation am;
 Last night I promis'd Miss LOUISA FEATHER,
 That I would meet her, spite of wind and weather—
 And if you please, Miss BAB, we'll go together. }

Miss Bab. But we should haste.

Mrs. Solid. My dear, I must confess
 I've some desire to know the Play's success;
 And if you'll join the party, with our friends
 We'll instant go, and see what fate attends
 This young performance.

Mr. Solid. Well, with all my heart.
 We may perhaps some needful aid impart,
 Its fame to cherish.—If from wanton foes,
 Who, slaves to Folly, right or wrong, oppose
 As she directs;—or if from malice keen
 Loud cat-calls issue, to disturb the scene;—
 Be ours the task, t' assist the Poets' cause,
 And drown their harsher sounds in loud applause.
 Though Judgment for a while may sit supreme,
 And sole directress of opinion seem,
 To young attempts be great indulgence shewn;
 Let Judgment condescend to leave her throne,
 And, to prevent the Muses' sad complainings,
 Let meek-ey'd Candour be her *Locum Tenens*.



Dramatis Personæ.

SHEPHERDS, &c.

THYRSIS,	Mr. GAUDRY.
LYCIDAS,	Mr. STOW.
MENALCAS,	Mr. SADLER.
PALEMON,	Mr. POWELL.
COLIN,	Mr. KENEY.
Priest of HYMEN,	Mr. JACKSON.

SHEPHERDESSES.

ELIZA,	Mrs. RAWORTH.
SYLVIA,	Mrs. DAVIS.
LAURA,	Mrs. GAUDRY.

Attendant SHEPHERDS and SHEPHERDESSES.

Scene, ARCADIA.

PERPLEXED LOVERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Room at Eliza's.*

ELIZA and LAURA.

AIR.

ELIZA.

GENTLY gliding through my frame,
Thrilling raptures urge their way;
Ev'ry ruder passion tame
By their universal sway.

Farewell virgin arts and wiles,
To my lover I resign;
Haste, ye soft endearing smiles,
Teach me to secure him mine.

Heigh-ho!--I can no more. Each moment now
Grows serious; and at the hour's approach
I feel a something new, tumultuous rise,
And tremble in my breast. Uncertainty!
How pleasing, how distressing is thy pause!

LAURA.

B

L A U R A.

Whilst expectation fills the lab'ring breast,
 Each point of time appears a long, long age,
 Which, to the careless mind devoid of thought,
 Glides imperceptibly. The time will soon
 Speed on, and ev'ry anxious care be lost
 In gentle raptures, and those tender plaints
 Which lovers' joys reciprocal afford.
 Unbend thy mind, and gaily let us pass
 The trifling space, ere that thy virgin zone
 Shall be untied, and all the matron's cares
 Thy time employ.

A I R. L A U R A.

*Ab! what tremblings and distresses
 Fill th' expectant virgin's breast,
 Yielding to her swain's addresses,
 While consent affords him rest.
 Pangs tumultuously perplex her,
 As the happy morn draws nigh;
 Now they please, and now they vex her;
 Still she sighs, but knows not why.*

*Thus at first your linnet pining,
 Trembling wears his silken chain,
 Anxious cares and fears combining,
 Fill his little breast with pain:
 Gentle treatment soon relieves him,
 Careless now he plumes his wings;
 As your kindness undeceives him,
 Pleas'd again the warbler sings.*

E L I Z A.

Such friendly offices as these bring peace,
 And lull the tumults of my anxious breast.
 Still tell me of my Lycidas's worth;
 Together let us range thro' all his soul,
 And dwell upon each virtue which adorns
 His manly breast. The tedious moments then
 Will speedier seem to roll their tide along.

L A U R A.

L A U R A.

Well he's deserving your sincere regard,
 Not for his rank amidst the rural throng;
 For tho' he stands chief shepherd of these plains,
 And his wide range of fleecy care do spread
 Their snowy treasures o'er unnumber'd hills;---
 Though these might give him cause of lofty pride,
 Disdaining such, on merit he relies:
 Thro' this defective waste he seeks her sons,
 Yields them his smiles, his patronage, and aid;
 And from the air-blown tribe of pamper'd scorn
 Shields hapless sons of genius in distress;
 Riot's deluded crew his presence fly,
 While fraud and meanness, haggard and forlorn,
 Beneath his buckler couch. To think of these,
 Must bound your heart with ev'ry pleasing thought,
 And yield extatic fondness.

E L I Z A.

Gen'rous friend,

O I could list for ever to thy words,
 Dwell on thy tongue, nor think of aught beside
 That tongue, where fair description ev'ry charm
 In matchless colours paints. Such is their boast,
 And such the graces which adorn the youth.
 The time draws near. Now to Menalcas' bow'r---
 And as we pass along, let us, dear maid,
 Still dwell upon the sweet endearing theme.

R O N D E A U.

*Thus in soft engaging strains
 Let me own love's pleasing pains;
 Breathe my shepherd's kind approve,
 Talk alone of him and love:*

Thus, &c.

*Let him smiling prove but kind,
 All my bliss in him I find.*

Thus, &c.

B 2

SCENE

SCENE II. *A Grove.**Enter* THYRSIS.

In vain to me the fields once more put on
 Their smiling verdure, and again look gay,
 Deck'd in the splendid livery of spring.
 My kids unheeded now in gambols frisk,
 And wanton bound it o'er the verdant turf;
 The infant year serenely glad appears,
 And yet there wants to deck my brow in smiles
 To make my fold a pleasing pastime prove,
 While from my rustic pipe soft carols glide,
 And breathe the joys of harmony around.
 These can delight no more.---No more I feel
 The pleasing transports they so frequent gave;
 My tortur'd soul on Sylvia and despair
 Now dwells. She, who so oft in converse mild
 Receiv'd and own'd the gentle flame, now flies
 Her shepherd's love. For me,---in vain I strive
 To blot the sad remembrance from my soul;
 For Sylvia only can direct each thought.
 Too gay herself the gen'rous flame to prove,
 She smiles regardless of my pain and me.

A I R.

*Hapless bosom, love possessing,
 When its object shews disdain,
 And instead of soft caressing,
 With despair augments the pain!*

*Come yet, Hope, thou kind deceiver,
 Come, and yield some gleam of rest;
 Blot the sad injunction "never"
 From the tablet of my breast.*

But see! in yon sequester'd bow'r my fair
 Enjoys the pleasures of the rising day,
 While contemplation lulls her virgin breast

To

To ease, and sweet serenity her face
In smiles adorns. To her once more I haste,
With tender plaints repeat my am'rous tale,
And try the pow'r of love and music join'd.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. *draws and discovers Sylvia in a Bower, her
Crook, &c. lying carelessly by her Side.*

A I R.

*If Reason be the cure of love,
How little can I boast,
Since where I fain would disapprove,
I yield to fondness most.*

*That manly form, that easy mien,
Which cannot be express'd,
Together seldom to be seen,
Have robb'd my soul of rest.*

*In vain my passion I disown,
Each wish in vain subdued;
Through all, alas! my thoughts are shewn,
Else why doth he pursue?*

*Yet still I wish him to repeat
His am'rous vows and pain;
Without it bliss were incomplete,
And I should then complain.*

Enter THYRSIS.

Fairest of nymphs who grace these peaceful plains,
Say why thou spurn'st thy gentle shepherd's love.
What is my crime, that I, who late belov'd,
Now doom'd to anguish and despair, must pass
The tedious day in fruitless sighs and tears?

There

There was a time!--How chang'd, alas! are now
 Those happy days, when in my Sylvia's smiles
 Secure I liv'd, nor ask'd for greater bliss.
 Say, shall they e'er return? Assure me this,
 And once again shall pleasure fill my breast.

A I R.

*Tho' gaily smile around the fields,
 Tho' sweetly on the spray
 Each warbling songster pleasure yields,
 To welcome in the May:*

*As yet there wants to ease my mind,
 While you, my fairest, are unkind.*

*Would you but animate the lay,
 My tender suit approve,
 My heart, like nature, blithe and gay,
 Should emulate the grove.*

*But yet there wants to ease my mind,
 While you, my fairest, are unkind.*

S Y L V I A.

Why will you still these sad complainings use,
 Repeat a tale I wish you to forget,
 In fond pursuit my peaceful haunts invade,
 And strive with anxious cares to fill my breast?
 Leave me in virgin innocence my thoughts
 Tranquil to scan; enjoying them shall be
 My first, my chiefest care. Still you're my friend;
 Deserve that name, nor ask for aught beside.

T H Y R S I S.

When summer's heat shrinks back to winter's chill,
 And Phœbus scatters round us flakes of snow
 For scorching beams;---when from their course
 The seasons change; then may a lover calm
 His fervent passions to the lukewarm state
 Of friendship.

S Y L V I A.

SYLVIA.

Since my offer you disdain;
I'll hear no more---cease, then, your tale of love.

AIR.

*O leave me---no more---for my bosom is free,
And thus it shall always remain;
No youth shall e'er alter so firm a decree,
Of unkindness no more then complain.
With your soft tales of love 'tis in vain you essay
From its virgin enjoyments my heart to betray.*

[Exit,

THYRSIS.

One moment stay---forgive mine erring love,
Which led me undesigning to offend;
Let me accept the friendship you bestow,
And to the gen'rous donor give my thanks.

AIR.

*She's gone---she's gone---and now, alas!
O'er dismal wilds I stray;
No gleam of hope remains behind,
To light me on the way.*

*The traveller thus, on Afric's sands,
When Sol withdraws his rays,
As he the trackless wild pursues,
A gloomy void surveys.*

[Exit.

SCENE IV. Menalcas's Garden.

ELIZA, LAURA, and MENALCAS.

ELIZA.

Not yet arriv'd?---I tremble for the cause---
Why thus, forgetful of his bridal morn,
Does Lycidas in absence careless waste

His

His precious time? Love only should employ
 His thoughts, and love would give him swifter wings.
 Was he sincere---Distraction!--let me rest---
 I cannot cease to think, and ev'ry thought
 Leads to suspicion of his plighted faith.
 His vows of constancy are now no more,
 His once unshaken truth now tott'ring stands,
 It trembles, and each touch threatens its fall.

M E N A L C A S.

Have patience yet, for scarce the time is past;
 I know his soul, and rather than deceive,
 He'd forfeit life. Some incident unseen
 Prevents his coming at the time propos'd.

E L I Z A.

Patience! go preach it to the restless winds;
 Go bid the fleeting courser rein his speed,
 When o'er the plain he stretches for the goal;
 Then talk of it in love.

L A U R A.

Be calm, my friend,
 Nor thus with furious heat let madness reign.
 Can you so soon forget those virtues rare,
 Which warm his bosom, and delight the soul?
 Can you the fond idea of his love
 So easily remove, and in its stead
 Plant foul suspicion, jealousy, distrust?
 Wait yet awhile, and soon, the gloom dissolv'd,
 Returning sunshine will your bosom glad,
 And bliss reanimated glow within.

E L I Z A.

O Laura! Laura! how am I reduc'd,
 Thus vigil-like attendant here to stand,
 And of my hand a kind acceptance wait!
 If Lycidas were willing to engage,
 No false delays nor trifles had detain'd

Or

Or barr'd him from my arms ; but at the gate
Of Hymen's temple he had stood impatient,
And breath'd his matin orison, that love,
Propitious hast'ning the appointed hour,
Would instant to his longing eyes unfold
The much-sought object of his love-sick mind.

L A U R A.

I must dissent from what you seem to hint;
And tho' I can't explain the real cause,
Am certain, when you hear, you will at once
Your error own;---and may the Gods direct
That no rash action lead you to repent !

E L I Z A.

No longer urge me to believe him kind,
Nor tell me reason will excuse delay :
'Tis reason prompts me to believe him false,
To censure and condemn his careless deeds,
The real lover with impatience burns,
And thinks himself a very slug indeed,
Unless he can outfly his mistress' will,
And each fond wish anticipate. But here I wait,
And if for nought beside, for this alone
He much deserves reproof. The cause I judge;
He wills that I should pique on this delay,
And thus dissolve his bonds,---Unmanly act !
Ungen'rous man !---But you have gain'd your ends,
As freely I absolve thy perjur'd love,
As Heav'n forgives repentant sinners' crimes ;
But with forgiveness I at once dissolve
Of fond attachment ev'ry tender tie.

M E N A L C A S.

Reflect a-while, and I'm convinc'd you'll say
You are to blame : Shall a few moments then
Destroy the fix'd attachments of an age ?
Can lovers break so easy from their vows,

C

So

So suddenly forget the treasur'd fondness
 They long have cherish'd in their breasts. Again,
 Shall trifles such as these despotic rule,
 And deal out fame or infamy to man?
 Shall worth, shall honour be ignobly crush'd,
 And fell disgrace triumphant rear its head
 O'er erring virtue? Let us grant the worst,
 'Ere that he self-convicted stands, he's clear;
 A thousand mild excuses love will raise,
 When jealousy is banish'd from the breast.

ELIZA.

No more.---Whatever youth shall first pass by,
 If he approves, ascends my nuptial bed;
 With him I'll pass my future days in ease,---
 Dream not of Lycidas---nay, forget his name.
 And see, young Thyrsis this way bends his pace,
 With folded arms, and sorrow on his brow;
 His downcast looks bespeak ill-brook'd disdain.
 Be he my choice---and thus adieu to all
 The racks and tortures which desponding love
 Severely had implanted in my breast.

*Slighted love awhile may tease ye,
 And with torments rack the soul;
 Calm oblivion soon shall ease ye,
 Spreading wide her mild controul.*

*Thus, perjur'd Lycidas, I tear
 Thy once-lov'd image from my breast,
 And now, unconscious of despair,
 I give a scope to perfect rest.*

Slighted love, &c.

MENALCAS.

I pray, forbear---

ELIZA.

I am resolv'd and fix'd.

[Enter Thyrsis.]

Thyrsis, what melancholy does eclipse

And

And cloud the faithful index of thy heart?
 Some nymph belov'd proves wayward and unkind;
 Let not this give thee pain. The world is wide,
 And on the spreading gales of fame does float
 Thy honour'd name.

T H Y R S I S.

Fairest, too well, alas!
 You've guess'd the cause whence all my grief appears.
 My Sylvia frowns.---What can the world then yield,
 Or what the boasted titles of applause?

A I R.

*Forbear the vain delusive glow,
 Which fools from flatt'ry oft times know,
 O tell me not of fame;
 With Sylvia in an humble state
 My happiness had been complete,
 All else is but a name.*

*In her's my honour, wealth, and praise,
 Could I but in her bosom raise
 The smallest spark of love,
 Each other comfort I'd forego,
 And in her smiles the pleasures know
 Which warm the blest above.*

E L I Z A.

'Of base inconstants cease thus peevishly
 In pining strains to moan. Like you might I,
 If I were thus dispos'd, vent my complaints;
 'Tis mine in more heroic scenes to move;
 For disappointment know I scorn to grieve,
 And love no longer fills my virgin breast
 Than while its object warms me with return.
 Beneath yon sacred fane, by plighted vow
 Young Lycidas this morn was to be mine;
 'h' appointed hour is past, nor yet appears
 The youth, to ratify the vows he pledg'd.

The first who wills I shall not then refuse,
But instant speed, present him with my hand,
And mutual and eternal vows exchange.

THYRSIS.

Here rest, my heart, and all thy sorrows cease.
Dear Sylvia, now farewell. 'Tis not for thee
To mourn thy shepherd's change, who hast renounc'd
The ties of love, and free as vagrant air,
Resolv'd to banish ev'ry tender wish---
And can you think me worthy of your love?
Then cease, my pains.

ELIZA.

Shepherd, accept my hand,
Which freely I bestow to such desert.

DUET.

THYRSIS.

*When the sacred rites are over,
Then the proud coquetting fair,
Having lost a faithful lover,
Vain her wishes may declare.*

ELIZA.

*When the sacred rites are over,
And our vows have pass'd the seal,
Vain the careless, faithless lover,
Thinks his fondness to reveal.*

THYRSIS.

*Since Eliza will receive me,
Thus adieu my former flame.*

ELIZA.

*Since my shepherd dar'd to leave me,
Surely, nymphs, I'm not to blame.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Grove.*

Enter LAURA.

SURE madness reigns around, and 'twere indeed
Wrong to persist, where nought can be attain'd:
I therefore haste where yet I hope to find
Some gleam of reason, tho' in clouds involv'd.
Sylvia, despite of ev'ry female art
And weak coquettish air, young Thyrsis loves;
To her I will relate the rash design
To which her past behaviour leads her swain.
Thus rous'd, each tender passion I shall try,
If I judge right, prevent these foolish acts,
And thus by prudent steps I may preserve
Two worthy pairs from misery indeed.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. *A Cottage.*

Enter LYCIDAS and PALEMON.

PALEMON.

Come, come, my Lycidas, let's think no more
Of sorrow and misfortune; once again
Let calm serenity possess our hearts,
And thanking Heav'n that you so well escap'd,
Let us look forward with a pleasing hope
Of future happiness.

LYCIDAS.

Alas! Palemon,
Can I forget so imminent a danger?
When my affrighted horse ran wildly on,

And

And bore me with him to yon dreadful hills,
 I fear'd each moment would have been my last.
 My utmost efforts to restrain his course
 Could nought avail; he scorn'd my feeble hand,
 And madly rushing down the steep descent,
 At length he cast me with such vengeance from him,
 That I had there expir'd, but for the help
 Of Colin, who from an adjoining field
 Saw the disaster, and with gen'rous haste
 Came up to my assistance.

PALEMON.

Yes, my friend,
 I own the accident has been unlucky,
 Yet why lament we when the danger's o'er?
 The Gods be thank'd, you were not greatly hurt,
 And Colin having brought you to his cot,
 By his kind mother's care you are restor'd.

LYCIDAS.

I'm much indebted; yet when I remember,
 That at this instant hour I should have been
 The happiest of my sex---The dear Eliza!--
 Oh! I would rather die a thousand deaths
 Than give a moment's pain to her. Ev'n now
 She waits for me with fondest expectation,
 And chides the lazy minutes as they pass;
 'Till, totally subdu'd by fruitless hope,
 She rails at man, and wrongly calls me false.
 I can't support it---O ye cruel fates!
 Why did ye mix this bitter potion for me,
 When ye held forth the cup of happiness?

PALEMON.

If you would have me think you in your senses,
 Give o'er these idle plaints.

LYCIDAS.

I wonder not
 That you should be at ease. Your callous heart

Was

Was ne'er susceptible of soft impressions,
 Nor have the blisses of united souls,
 Been ever known to you---Then cease, I pray,
 This ill-tim'd prudence. Did you feel, like me,
 The pangs of disappointed expectation,
 You would not idly preach up reason to me,
 But kindly sympathize in my distress.

PALEMON.

Do I not sympathize?---Yourself be witness,
 If that my heart, thro' ev'ry turn of life,
 Has not been one with yours.---Have I not borne
 A part in all your sufferings?---I admit
 That beauty ne'er has stol'n upon my senses,
 Nor love's fond arts have won me from myself;
 And thence it is I have preserv'd that reason
 You are so quick to censure.

LYCIDAS.

O Eliza!

PALEMON.

No more, my friend;---hast thou no confidence
 But in misfortune? Well thou know'st that I,
 The instant I had found thee at this cottage,
 Dispatch'd a messenger to tell Eliza
 We were awhile detain'd. Ev'n now he's there,
 And gives her full assurance of our coming.

LYCIDAS.

Yet he might fail,---Alas! that thought distracts me,

PALEMON.

Were Colin mad like thee, he might mistake,
 Nor should I wonder if he never reach'd
 The destin'd place.---But granting that he does not,
 We are not then without a remedy.
 Fresh horses are preparing in the village,
 And will be shortly here; and 'ere the time

Elapses

Elapses for performing nuptial rites,
We shall be there ourselves, and both your hopes
And fondest wishes answer'd.

LYCIDAS.

O Palemon,
Thou art indeed my friend---Thy balmy words
Give comfort to my soul. I yield to thee,
Nor more will murmur at the trifling ills
Which croud the way to love and happiness.

RONDEAU.

*Would you taste of real pleasure,
Let this truth your mind impress,
Love's misfortunes are a treasure,
Giv'n by fates who mean to bless.*

*When happiness the mind pursues,
Frequent sorrows we receive,
And oft a future good we lose,
While for present ills we grieve.*

Would you taste, &c.

*What tho' our lot may seem severe,
Let us not for this complain,
Our pleasures will more sweet appear,
When we've purchas'd them with pain.*

Would you taste, &c.

SCENE III. A Rural Prospect.

Enter LAURA and SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

O! thou hast touch'd my very soul, and now
With more than common sorrow do I feel
Thy just reproofs,---too late, I fear, behold
The dangers that await those silly arts

Which

Which vain coquettish virgins can delight:
I have been much to blame.

L A U R A.

Nothing avail

These plaintive sorrows now; the time is short;
And if you would prevent that worst of ills,
A double lot of wretchedness, prepare with me
To reach the sacred fane, and all as yet
May happily conclude: Eliza now,
And your much injur'd swain, together bend
Their pace that way, with resolution firm,
Of constant truth and undissembled love
The sacred mutual vows each to exchange,
And solemn benediction to receive.
Then let us haste, as one short moment's pause
May plant eternal sorrows in your breasts,

S Y L V I A.

Say, must I then from one extreme depart,
And instant to another fly? My breast
With terror thinks of this, and yet I must
'Tis now too late to act my sex's part,
And only half way in his gen'rous flame
My lover meet. I now must break the bounds
Which nature has prescrib'd, and seek the youth
Where virgin coyness trembles to be sought,
Would other nymphs from my example learn,
Nor practise that by which I have been dup'd,---
A cruel, inconfid'rate thirst of pow'r---
Oft they'd escape from grief and punishment.

Enter C O L I N.

Fair nymphs, direct me where Menalcas lives---
Some message of importance here I bring,
If I may judge from the anxiety
With which the noble shepherds urg'd me on.

[Shows a Letter.]

L A U R A.

D

L A U R A.

"*This to Eliza, at Menalcas' seat---with haste.*"
From Lycidas!--O say, how does the youth?

C O L I N.

He's better than we'd reason to expect.

L A U R A.

I tremble with conjecture---but proceed.

C O L I N.

To tell the whole would only waste my time,
Too precious now; a trifling fall delays
His journey here.--Pray haste me on the road.

L A U R A.

But will he come this morn?

C O L I N.

Certain he will,
And with his friend Palemon soon be here.

L A U R A.

I thank you for the news.--Well, now observe:--
Where yon embow'ring wood its verdure swells,
You see a temple raise its lofty tow'n;
This path-way to it leads, and there you'll find
Menalcas and the fair one whom you seek.
But speed your way, lest you arrive too late
Her union with another to prevent.

C O L I N.

O Heav'n avert so great an ill!--Farewell!

L A U R A.

Colin thus urg'd, we need not be in haste,
But now have leisure to contrive our plan,
And save each virgin blush that might arise
From a rash interview.

S Y L V I A.

What you direct,
With pleasure I attend.--O save him now,
And all my heart shall henceforth be his own.

L A U R A.

L A U R A.

You please me well; but e're the bridal vows
Ye mutually exchange, 'twere not amiss
To try if yet his fondness be sincere.

S Y L V I A.

O let's away—I long to give him ease.

L A U R A.

What need of hurry now? But thus we act,
When love with mad career runs thro' our veins;
Quick to extremes, we either shun his sight,
Or in his absence burn.—Then be resign'd.

S Y L V I A.

I will be calm; and now, my best of friends,
Whose services my latest breath shall own,
Thy prudent lessons chearful I obey.

A I R.

*As o'er the sun-burnt glebe soft dews descending,
Each plant relieve by heat oppress,
So you, with gen'rous care my steps attending,
Calm the madness in my breast.*

*'Tis not for lovers' minds to shew discretion,
In which contending passions roll;
This moment all is joy, the next depression,
As hope or fear by starts controul.*

*Soon I shall meet my lover,
And my fond heart discover,
Now smiling,
Reconciling
Shall our time employ.
If he be yet sincere,
Adieu each idle fear;
Life once again shall spring,
And, for its handmaids, bring
The blessings of content and placid joy.*

D 2

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Temple of Hymen.*

THYRSIS, ELIZA, MENALCAS, and PRIEST.

PRIEST.

Hold! 'ere the sacred service ye partake,
And at the altar solemn promise make,
Affure me that your minds are well agreed,
Nor join too rashly. Frequent those who speed
With inconfid'rate haste, their folly mourn,
When their expected joys to sorrow turn.

ELIZA.

We're both agreed.

PRIEST.

Then seriously attend,
And love divine into your hearts descend!
By all the joys which happy lovers feel,
By all the blisses Hymen does reveal,
Your warmest wishes, and your chastest fires,
By the completion of your just desires,
Now swear—

Enter COLIN.

O stay, nor urge the holy rites,
Where is Eliza?—where Menalcas?—say—
I have an errand of much consequence.
Young Lycidas—

ELIZA.

Is what?—O instant speak,
And tell me if he lives—alas! he's dead—
O quickly solve my doubts, or soon my heart
Will cease to move,---Assist me---oh!--

MENALCAS.

She faints!

Alas! her tender soul can ill support
The dreadful tumult of contending passions.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

There---gently raise her---see, again she breathes;
New life in crimson eddies through her frame
Again disports.---Give me the letter, friend.
[Reads.] [Exit Colin.
This, fair Eliza, will dispel your fears,
And calm your troubled breast.

ELIZA. [Reads.]

Blest point of time!

I'm yet secure.---O may he soon arrive!
How shall I give due incense to the Gods
For this escape?---Thyrsis, excuse me now.---
With pleasure I shall always call you friend,
But each attachment which exceeds that name
Must cease; for Lycidas alone can sway,
And fill my soul with real fond desire.

THYRSIS. [Aside.]

Ill-fated hour!---Yet I'm myself to blame.
How could I think her passion was sincere,
Which for so slight a cause its object chang'd?

[Enter Laura.

LAURA.

Again desponding!---Never sure was swain
Like you unhappy.---Does Eliza frown?
Perhaps for one more favour'd she is pleas'd
To turn you off.

THYRSIS.

No more; I do confess
I well deserve your taunts, yet 'twere unkind
T' afflict the wretched, and insult the fall'n,
O Sylvia!

LAURA.

Nay, forget that jilting fairy
And mark me while I point the way to bliss.
You may be happy.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS

If with Sylvia, speak,
If otherwise, let silence bind your tongue.
To hear of her I ever could attend,
Nor think of aught beside. Say, is she kind?
Yet ah! that hope were vain.---I'll think no more!---

LAURA.

Of Sylvia!---Think not of the fickle maid.

THYRSIS.

O! could I have a thought, and not of her,
I yet might live at ease; but in my breast
The fix'd idea lies, nor length of time
Can e'er deface th' impression it has made.
Then, Melancholy, come, and lead me on
To trace some desert wild, where human voice
Has ne'er been heard.---There let me pass my days,
And faithless Woman be my only theme.

A. T. R.

See! where the nodding boughs invite,
There let me seek a calm retreat,
With Philomela wake the night,
Her plaintive murmurs emulate.

Love's tender passion still must warm,
Nor Sylvia lose the pow'r to charm.

While from my pipe soft music floats,
Each swain, attentive, with a sigh,
Shall listen to the soothing notes,
And name your sex Inconstancy.

LAURA.

Give up such thoughts, for I've a gen'rous fair
Excells your former nymph, and well deserves
Your fond return.

THYRSIS.

I cannot think of love---

LAURA.

L A U R A.

Nor can I be deny'd.--You must accept
The maid who waits your hand. [Goes out.

T H Y R S I S.

What can this mean?

I dare not hope---and yet 'tis mighty strange---
Ye Pow'rs, assist me!--'tis my Sylvia comes.

[Enter Laura and Sylvia.

How shall I speak the transports of my breast?---
Chide not, thou injur'd fair one, but forgive
Whate'er mine erring heart has done amiss.

S Y L V I A.

'Tis I should sue for pardon---grant me that,
And never more I'll wound thy gen'rous breast.

T H Y R S I S.

Blest with thy smiles, I ask no greater bliss.
And art thou mine?---There stands the holy Priest,
Ready to join when love cements the band;
His sacred benediction let us crave,
And then farewell to ev'ry anxious care.

M E N A L C A S.

Permit me, Thyrsis, to express my joy
At this prevention of a rash resolve,
Which urg'd you on, from anger, to unite
Where love was wanting; had you pass'd the vow
With fair Eliza, you had both been wretched.

E L I Z A.

Ye gen'rous spirits that assist mankind,
And kindly intervening stay'd the cup,
The fatal cup of folly and despair,
Accept my grateful thanks.---O gentle Thyrsis,
Let us for ever bless the happy hour,
That timely rescu'd us from lasting woe.

D U B T.

DUET.

ELIZA.

*Far hence, each idle passion!**Be ev'ry inclination**To Lycidas resign'd.*

THYRSIS.

*No more in pain I languish,**Adieu each heart-felt anguish,**For Sylvia will be kind.*

BOTH.

*Love never ceasing,**Raptures encreasing,**All your moments shall employ;**Nor doubt nor fear,**Nor jealous care,**Shall e'er the nuptial bliss destroy.**Enter LYCIDAS and PALEMON.*

LYCIDAS.

Eliza, was it well, thus to suspect
My faith, and for a moment of delay
To spurn me from thy breast?

ELIZA.

O Lycidas!

Forgive my rashness----'twas from love I err'd;
Too warm a passion, and a heart, alas!
Impress'd by strong affections, have deceiv'd
My madd'ning soul.

PALEMON.

But all, I hope, is past,

Lost to your mem'ries, never more to rise.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis all I wish---Eliza loves me still,
And all my hopes of happiness return.

AIR.

AIR.

*As I, my fair, trace back each scene,
Which taught the mutual flame to glow,
In all the tenderness of love,
I feel my spirits gently flow.*

*As late thy virgin coyness charm'd,
So now thy yielding soul delights;
Like magnets constant to the pole,
My ev'ry wish with thine unites.*

*No more the plaintive strain be heard,
Nor frantic grief disturb thy breast;
Come to my arms, and there reclin'd,
Let ev'ry care be hush'd to rest.*

*Securely let me hold thee there,
No greater bliss I wish to know;
Thy love will cheer life's dullest scene,
And fix a paradise below.*

MENALCAS.

'Tis well, my friends; but why do we delay
The holy rites which will your bliss secure?

LYCIDAS.

We're all prepar'd.

THYRSIS.

Now do your sacred office.

PRIEST.

Then join your hands, and solemnly attend.---
By all the joys which happy lovers feel,
By all the blisses Hymen does reveal,
Your warmest wishes, and your chasteft fires,
By the completion of your just desires,
Now swear, in presence of the pow'rs above,

E

That

That ye will henceforth live in virtuous love.
This be your pledge.

[Gives the sacred cup to Thyrsis.]

THYRSIS.

We gratefully accept,
And to the Gods our due libations pay.

PRIEST.

This be your pledge. *[Gives the cup to Lycidas.]*

LYCIDAS.

We gratefully accept,
And to the Gods our due libations pay.

PRIEST.

'Tis done.---May guardian angels now await,
And make your earthly happiness complete;
Then safe conduct you to the realms of peace,
Where ye shall taste of joys that never cease!

MENALCAS.

The Atheist here may trace the sacred hand
Of providential care, and be convinc'd,
That Heav'n, in mercy to our erring souls,
Doth oft vouchsafe to interpose and save,
Where otherwise our ruin were compleat.
Learn hence, ye careless, inconfid'rate youth,
In weakness man projects, but Heav'n preserves.

FINALE.

LYCIDAS.

*Happy thus the merchant viewing
All his treasure safe on shore,
With fond eyes each part pursuing,
Pain torments his mind no more,
Now with heart-felt rapture smiling,
See him hug the darling prize;
Joy, his ev'ry care beguiling,
Gaily sparkles in his eyes.*

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

*Jarring passions, long contending,
 Fill'd my soul with anxious care;
 First the height of bliss ascending,
 Then a victim to despair.
 Hence my cares and weak surmises,
 Sorrow like the gloom retreats,
 When Aurora smiling rises,
 And distributes vernal beats.*

THYRSIS.

*Hope elating, fear depressing,
 Vain for peace the bosom tries;
 Urg'd by anguish so distressing,
 Far the gentle Goddess flies.
 Now again to joy returning,
 All my sorrows cease to prey,
 In my breast soft passions burning,
 Pleas'd I feel and own their sway.*

SYLVIA.

*Like some trembling maid affrighted,
 From an horrid dream I wake,
 In my error now delighted,
 Of new life and joy partake.
 In thy smiles (a sweet employment)
 Be my ev'ry wish complete,
 Let me own the soft enjoyment,
 Which thy passion did create.*

LAURA.

*Hymen, source of ev'ry pleasure,
 Now diffuses perfect joy,
 Freely gives, profuse of measure,
 Bliss which can never cloy.
 May your transports all be lasting,
 May ye ev'ry moment prove
 True to Virtue, daily tasting
 Blessings of connubial love.*

4 AP 54

EPILOGUE.

Mrs. GAUDRY.

WELL—Heav'n be prais'd! the point at last is gain'd,
 And now each maid her lover has obtain'd;
 Though much I fear'd, so terribly they cross'd 'em,
 That, spite of all my care, they would have lost 'em.
 But these are the effects of modern fashions,
 That teach us to conceal our inclinations,
 And treat each lover with a cool disdain,
 Ev'n though we feel at least an equal pain.
 Think now, what trouble this disguise has given,
 And how I've toil'd to make their matters even;
 Now lab'ring to prevent a captious jade
 From bringing down destruction on her head,
 And now persuading, with unwearied care,
 A giddy simpleton to be sincere.
 'Tis well for them indeed that Men—poor creatures!—
 Are of such tame, resistless, passive natures,
 That neither frowns, denials, taunts, nor scorn
 Can keep them from us—for they still return,
 And, spaniel-like, the more we are severe,
 The more they fawn, and fonder they appear.
 O did a single spark of courage rise
 Within their breasts, how they would all despise
 Such vain coquettes, who give each love-sick swain
 Delusive hopes, yet triumph in his pain,
 And such who can at will a passion smother,
 And if one youth delays—go wed another!

Enter Mr. GAUDRY.

How!—what's all this?—why, what is't you're about?
 Was it for this, Ma'am, that I sent you out,
 To keep an audience half an hour in waiting,
 For nothing but to hear your idle prating?
 Hence, if you please.

Mrs. GAUDRY.

Why, what had I to say?

Mr. GAUDRY.

No words, my dear—your duty is t' obey.

Mrs. GAUDRY.

Well, you're my husband, and must have your way.

[*Exit.*]

Mr. GAUDRY.

I'll ne'er confide again in such an elf,
 But speak all future Epilogues myself.

Ladies

EPILOGUE,

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The Poets send
 Their best acknowledgments to ev'ry friend,
 Whose gen'rous plaudits a protection gave,
 From critic rage their infant Play to save.
 More would they say, if language could explain
 How great a sense their bosoms entertain;
 But—poor return for favours they receive!—
 A *grateful heart* is all that they can give.

A TABLE of the SONGS, With the NAMES of the several COMPOSERS.

A New OVERTURE.

ACT I.

- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| 1 Gently gliding through my frame, | Barthelemon |
| 2 Ah! what tremblings | Count St. Germain |
| 3 Thus in soft engaging strains | Giardini |
| 4 Hapless bosom, love possessing, | Giardini |
| 5 If reason be the cure of love | David Rizzio |
| 6 Tho' gaily smile around the fields | Gaudry |
| 7 O leave me—no more | Jackson |
| 8 She's gone—she's gone— and now, alas | Carter |
| *9 Slighted love awhile may tease ye | |
| 10 Forbear the vain delusive glow | Vento |
| 11 When the sacred rites are over | <i>An Imitation</i> |

ACT II.

- | | |
|---|--------------------|
| 12 Would you taste of real pleasure | Gaudry |
| 13 As o'er the sun-burnt glebe | <i>A Scots Air</i> |
| 14 See, where the nodding boughs invite | Vento |
| 15 Far hence each idle passion | Vento |
| 16 As I, my fair, trace back each scene | Rush |
| 17 Happy thus the merchant viewing | Dibdin |

* This Song is omitted in the Representation.



